THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace: that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"—ISAIAH LII, 7.

No. 34, Vol. XLV. Monday, August 20, 1883. Price One Penny.

SKETCH OF ELDER WHITNEY'S LABORS.

Provo. Utah, U.S.A., July 26, 1883.

President John Henry Smith.

DEAR BROTHER,—At the beginning of this beautiful July morning, I snatch a brief respite from the social delights which have involved me ever since my return, to keep my promise to you in regard to writing. You have doubtless heard, long ere this, of our prosperous voyage over the sea, our no less successful journey by rail, and our safe arrival in the land we all love so well. I need not therefore occupy—nay, waste your valuable time in recounting what you and your readers already know, but will rather endeavor to confine myself to what I feel you will expect from me as a duty—viz., the report of my labors as an Elder in the British Mission; although my recent connection with the STAR, and my frequent communications to its columns while in the ministry, may render even this much superfluous.

At the risk of being criticized by those to whom stereotyped phrases are an eyesore, I will commence by stating that I left Salt Lake City, my birthplace, on the morning of October 24, 1881, in company with several other Elders, all bound for Europe, and after a series of incidents of personal interest only, landed in Liverpool on the afternoon of November 10th. Our party was met and warmly welcomed by Elders C. W. Stayner, C. B. Felt and other friends from "42," and soon after landing reported to your predecessor in office, Apostle Albert Carrington, by whom we were assigned to our respective fields of labor. I was appointed to travel in the London Conference, but did not leave for that city until about one week later, owing to temporary prostration from sea-sickness, and the kind permission of President Carrington to tarry in Liverpool until I had fully recovered from its effects. Arriving in London on the evening of Nov. 18th, I was met at the station by my old-time friend and schoolmate, Elder John Q. Cannon, then

laboring in the North London District, and after a hearty and affectionate greeting, was conducted by him to the Conference House, then at 23 Dorinda Street, and introduced to Elder John Cooper, at that time presiding over the Conference. By him I was assigned to the Whitechapel Branch, where I labored in connection with Elder Newton Farr, with much satisfaction and some success, for a period of about four months, when I was called to Liverpool to succeed Elder Stayner in the editorial department of the STAR. This position I retained from the date of my return to Liverpool, March 20, 1882, to March 3, 1883, when I was released from the Office and appointed to preside over the London Conference, during the temporary absence of its able President, Elder Joseph A. West, who was about to take a brief trip to the Continent for the benefit of his health. My own, at this time, was none of the best, owing to my protracted season of confinement in the Office, but it was not long before I felt that the change which had been given me was doing me a great deal of good. My labors in the London Conference, both during the absence and after the return of Brother West, I shall always remember as among the most pleasant recollections of my mission. A detailed description of them is rendered unnecessary by correspondence already published. On the 9th of May, a letter of condolence from yourself acquainted me with the sad tidings of the death of my infant son, Heber K., supplemented later in the day by a letter from President A. O. Smoot, informing me of the same event. Though deeply grieved at the receipt of this melancholy news, especially on account of my heart-broken wife, who, with the loss of her mother and her own serious illness, had seen no end of trouble since I left her, I was comforted by the Spirit of the Lord and the reflection that all was or would yet be well, and resolved to brace up and finish my mission with honor to myself as a servant of God, and to the satisfaction of Him and His Priesthood. Soon after this a letter from yourself informed me that I was honorably released and at liberty to return home, either with the May or the June company of emigrating Saints, and could go with your blessing. This offer I accepted as the word and will of the Lord to me, and feeling in my own heart the approval of a good conscience, I immediately set about preparing to go home in June. I made a flying trip to Scotland, held in-door and out-door meetings in Glasgow, visited Ayrshire, the "land o' Burns," went to Edinburgh, Bannockburn, Stirling, and other points of great historic interest, being accompanied by Elder Joseph W. McMurrin, presiding over the Scottish Conference, and after bidding a reluctant adieu to him and the warm-hearted Saints who had made me so welcome, hurried back to Liverpool to join Elder Geo. C. Parkinson, with whom, agreeable to your advice, I had previously planned a week's excursion to the city of Paris. We left on the 24th of May, and stopping in London only long enough to perfect arrangements for our journey, and arrange for some baptisms on our return, booked with Cook's Excursion for the French capital, *via* Dover and Calais. I need not dwell upon what followed, but content myself and all concerned by saying, that I was repaid beyond my brightest anticipations for the time and means expended in the undertaking. No one who has eyes and ears, with the no less essential requisites of time and money to spare, will ever regret crossing the Channel to see the sights of world-renowned "Paree." Return-

ing to London on June 2nd, the remainder of my time, intervening that date and the time of sailing, was mostly spent in the work of the ministry and the winding up of personal correspondence. On the 17th I once more bade London farewell, not without emotion, for I left there some of the best friends I have on earth, and three days later had set sail from England's shores, and was being wafted by the winds and waves "on the shoulders of the Philistines toward the West."

I reached Salt Lake City one day in advance of the company, from which Elder Parkinson and I had separated at New York, and on the 7th of July, at early dawn, was mingling tears of joy with the loved ones at home. At New York I had the coincidence of landing in America on Sunday, July 1st, my birthday, the very day (the Sabbath) and date on which I landed for the first time in America twenty-eight years before. Then I hailed from another sphere, this time only from another hemisphere. I found all well at home, your own folks included, if I remember aright, and was warmly welcomed by a host of friends, my sorrow at parting with those in England mitigated by the discovery that there had been no diminution in the affection of those I had rejoined.

So ends my second mission as a servant of our Lord and Master, a period of inestimable importance to me in the experience and knowledge it has afforded, and of the supremest pleasure and satisfaction in the joy it has imparted to my soul while laboring in the great cause of human redemption. May God bless you, Brother Smith, and your co-laborers in the ministry, with all who are or will yet be Saints through your faith and instrumentality.

Your Brother in the Gospel,

ORSON F. WHITNEY.

TRAVELS AND OBSERVATIONS OF PRESIDENT SMITH.

—o—

Bern, Switzerland, Aug. 11, 1883.

Elder Geo. C. Lambert.

DEAR BROTHER,—Since writing to you from Berlin, we have had a very pleasant journey to this city. Before leaving the capital of Germany, we decided to pay a visit to Mannheim, and hold meeting with the Saints in that Branch on Sunday. On our way we stopped over night at Leipzig, celebrated in history as the place where the allied sovereigns gained a great victory over the first Napoleon, and started him on the road home. The city is now a commercial centre, being the heart of the book trade of Europe. It is a well built city. The museums were closed, so we spent our time in walking about the city and visiting the parks and other places of interest.

On Saturday we moved on to Mannheim, passing through a lovely country. From Berlin to Leipzig the country was flat and the soil sandy, but from Leipzig to Mannheim we have mountains and valleys. The mountains are covered with trees, and many of the summits are crowned with ruined castles. The valleys are covered with well tilled farms. The people usually live in small villages, and are not scattered about on their farms. The

villages are generally located at the bases of the peaks, on the summits of which are built those old feudal castles. Men, women and children are at present engaged in securing the harvest. All are compelled to take part in this work, that want may be kept from the door. The men are dressed in a cap, shirt and pantaloons of coarse material; the women with a white cotton sacque and dark colored skirt; the children are clad in the same manner. Most of them, old and young, go bare-footed, but some wear wooden shoes. The farming implements used are very primitive; grain is still cut with the sickle and threshed out with the flail; hay is carried in the arms from the field to the barn; one cow is harnessed to a little wagon. Cows and horses are frequently hitched together to make up teams. A sight of these makeshifts carries my mind back to the early scenes in our mountain home, when in our extreme poverty these same primitive implements and customs prevailed. In the west the people have risen above these old-time habits, but here they remain the same. The difference in the appearance of the city and country people here in Germany is so marked, that one would almost think he had been transported to another clime.

At Mannheim we were met by Brothers Goss and Jennings, and were much disappointed in hearing we would not be permitted to hold meeting, as the city authorities had notified the Saints not to hold any more services on pain of fine and imprisonment. They were told if two families met together they should be punished. Until this order was issued, seven persons were allowed to meet, but not to hold religious service. The Saints here are sorely tried and persecuted, their homes being liable to be entered by the police at any and at all times. We met the Saints in the park, they being scattered around in groups of two and three. Bavaria and Baden are determined to expel the Elders from those states, and put a stop to the labors of the local Elders by severe penalties. The brethren will, however, do the best they can, and still continue their labors.

As we could not hold meeting we went on to Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemburg, and met with the Saints there. We found Brother Hafen there, feeling well and ready to do anything that may be required at his hands—willing even to return to Bavaria, where they are so unfriendly to the Elders.

The next move we made was to Schaffhausen, in Switzerland, on the borders of Germany and on the banks of the Rhine, near the great falls. There is a nice little Branch of the Church there, and we had much pleasure in meeting with the Saints, and in giving them such instructions as were suggested by the Holy Spirit. The opportunity to breathe the free air of Switzerland, and to feel that you are removed from the scrutinizing gaze of a German policeman, is indeed a relief. The Elders and Saints in that great empire are constantly under surveillance; but, like men continually suffering from bodily ailments, the brethren have become used to it and take no notice. The invigorating air of this country, and the liberty the people enjoy, seem to inspire everything in nature. Oh! that the free breezes that blow from this little republic in the mountains, may waft the spirit of true liberty into the hearts of German statesmen, that the chains that bind that noble race may

be broken, and the Gospel have a chance to spread among the people, and the warning voice of the Lord's servants not be stifled by arbitrary laws!

We visited the National Exposition at Zurich, and spent part of a day in examining the numerous articles on exhibition there. We have been very fortunate in regard to expositions, finding them open at Christiania, Berlin and Zurich. All of them have made fine displays, that should be encouraging to the people in those lands. For the first time we are in sight of the Alps. Jungfrau lifts her head high up into the clouds, clad in her beautiful garment of white; she is very properly named the Virgin Mountain, for from time immemorial she has been covered with her snowy mantle. We have met with the Relief Society here, and had a very agreeable time; the members number about thirty, and are very active. All the Elders are to be here to-day, and we are expecting a pleasant time together. Brothers Fjeldsted and Goss have been very active in their labors, and the Missions are in a very good condition. Brother Cannon is hopeful that he may yet mingle with loved ones in the west late this fall, although willing to stay at his post as long as required.

We visit two more Branches on Monday and Tuesday, and then shall turn our faces towards grim old "42," leaving behind the sunshine and sweet breezes of this land for the smoke and fog of merry England.

Your Brother in the Gospel,

JOHN HENRY SMITH.

INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY TO ZION.

Ogden, Utah, July 24, 1883.

President John Henry Smith.

DEAR BROTHER,—It is an old saying and, I believe, a true one, that "it is better late than never," so if you will pardon delay, I will endeavor to give you a short report of our journey home.

After leaving you and the brethren on the 16th of May, we organized the company according to report sent you from Queenstown, and from that time we were blessed with fine weather and a safe voyage.

We landed in New York on Sunday morning, May 27th, in the enjoyment of good health. While in quarantine we were boarded by government officers, who alleged that we had on board a large number of Swiss paupers, whose passages had been paid by the Swiss Government (the American Consul in Switzerland having telegraphed to this government to that effect). Many of the Saints were catechised as to how they had been able to find means to emigrate with, which ordeal, of course, was successfully gone through, they either having paid their own fare or had it advanced by their friends. After a thorough examination, it was decided that we were the richest company of paupers that the commissioners had ever landed, as they found the Swiss and German part of the company (the supposed paupers) had something between three and four thousand dollars over and above the amount they had already paid as railway fare to carry them 2,500 miles west of New York.

After having passed Castle Gardens, we proceeded on our journey Zionwards. Two incidents of the journey are here worthy of mention. One is that of a German boy who fell out of a window while the train was moving along at the rate of thirty miles an hour. On discovering what had happened, I took the necessary means, as soon as I could, to rescue the boy by dispatching an engine after him, which met him about six miles distant running at the top of his speed trying to catch the train. From this it will hardly be necessary for me to say that the boy was none the worse for his fall, notwithstanding the fact that the train men gave us to understand that we could not expect to see him again alive. We resumed our journey once more, still in the "special," until within five or six hours' ride of Laramie City, where we had eight freight cars attached to the train, and when within six or seven miles from the said city, five of the freight cars were literally smashed up, the break being caused by one of the wheels becoming dislocated. The cars were thrown on each side of the track, with their contents scattered for some distance on the ground. Next to the last of the cars smashed came one of the cars containing our luggage, then the cars in which the Saints were riding; but, strange to say, the havoc "stopped short" on approaching the part of the train belonging to the Saints, showing that it is dangerous even for loaded box-cars to buck against "Mormonism."

During the delay caused by this mishap, we assembled the Saints on a little hill on the plains, where we sang praises and offered prayers to the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph Smith, for His kind protecting care which had been over this company of Saints whom he had commanded to come out of Babylon and gather to a place appointed by Him, where, as sure as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, He will protect those who will obey His laws and worship Him with all their might, mind and strength. The said hymns and prayers were offered in the English and German languages. The train men who witnessed it said it was one of the most impressive sights they had ever witnessed, something very different from anything they had ever experienced before in their lives.

At Ogden the Saints met us with provisions, which we heartily partook of.

I saw the company to Salt Lake, and then, after an absence of about twenty-six months, I made my way to a spot in Ogden where I had left my mother-in-law's daughter, with two boys bearing the same name as myself, who, I can assure you, were almost as well pleased to see me as I was to see them.

After staying at home two days, I left for Bear Lake to see my father, who seems to be gradually sinking, but has still the same testimony to bear in in regard to "Mormonism." After staying with him ten days, I returned to Ogden, and commenced work for Z.C.M.I., where I can be found from Monday morning until Saturday night, always selling dry goods on *small profits*.

With kind regards to all at "42," as well as all in the Mission, I remain,

Your Brother in the Gospel,

BEN. E. RICH.

LIBERTY.

"Give me liberty or give me death.—PATRICK HENRY.

O Liberty! thou treasured boon! thou priceless gift of God!
How many in thy noble cause now lie beneath the sod!
How many for thy precious sake their noble blood have shed,
And gloried when, in thy defense, in death they bowed their head.

What noble blood flowed through their veins, as when around thy folds
They stood with swords and souls unsheathed, and fought 'mid threats and scolds,
For liberty and freedom sweet, for wives and children dear,
For ev'ry man of ev'ry creed, of ev'ry race and sphere.

O noble men! with reverence, awe, I love thy memory,
Who, on the battle-field in gore, have planted freedom's tree,
For now beneath its leafy shade, in safety, millions rest,
And thank the Lord who gave thee strength to bravely stand the test.

O Liberty! I love thee dear—I hold thee more than all;
To keep thy banner waving high, in glory I would fall;
For without thee no man is blest—its God's first attribute,
That He has on all men bestowed—yea, even on the brute.

Take this grand gift from my short life, and I don't want to live;
I'd rather welcome cruel death than live a fugitive;
I'd burst the gates of death with joy, and ride on freedom's wing,
And shout, while soaring conqueror, "O death, where is thy sting?"

I want that liberty that will to all men grant the right
Of worshiping their Father, God, according to their light;
No matter if it does appear prepost'rous and absurd,
I'd have the songs of liberty in all the land be heard.

If in the crowded city's haunts this boon I can't enjoy,
I'll seek it in the canyon's heights, where no one will annoy;
And there, with naught save Nature 'round, I'll kneel in prayer to God,
And thank Him, in my humble way, for freedom's happy sod.

There, living free with those I love, I'd worship at His shrine—
No human power should question me, or dare try to confine
My free-born thoughts by human laws, and make me worse than slave;
No, I, with them, would live and die, and rest in freedom's grave.

There in the canyon's rugged pass, at peace I'd be with all;
I'd sit and listen to the brook, and watch the waterfall;
With joy I'd scale the tow'ring peaks, and watch the eagle soar,
And scan the vivid lightning's flash, and hear the thunder's roar.

O Liberty, sweet Liberty! shine on this soul of mine,
And leave me not in darkness drear—in bondage to repine;
But stay with me through life's rough scenes, and when I close my breath,
Guard 'round my bed and see I die a free and quiet death.

Salt Lake City, July 4, 1883. JAMES H. WALLIS.

There is no life so humble that, if it be true and genuinely human and obedient to God, it may not hope to shed some of His light. There is no life so meagre that the greatest and wisest of us can afford to despise it. We cannot know at what moment it may flash forth with the life of God.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 1883.

THE LAST LIVING WITNESS TO THE BOOK OF MORMON.

—o—

FIFTY-three-and-a-half years have elapsed since the Book of Mormon was first published to the world, and during that time no book has fallen in for so great a share of criticism, ridicule and condemnation from persons unacquainted with its contents. The Book of Mormon is a record of the early inhabitants of the American Continent, dating back to a period 600 years before the birth of our Savior, and extending to about A.D. 421. It is mainly historical, but contains many doctrinal truths which are entirely in harmony with the Old and New Testament, but much more clear and explicit on some points than the writings in the Bible. It was translated into the English language by the Prophet Joseph Smith, from records engraved upon certain metal plates which were delivered to him by an angel. Had Joseph Smith pretended that, without supernatural aid, he had found those plates buried in the earth and translated them by his own wisdom and ingenuity, there is little doubt but many of those who now scoff at the divine origin of the Book of Mormon, and denounce it as a fabrication, would have accepted it with credence. He would have been considered a clever and learned man, and the book would have been regarded as the greatest addition ever made to archæological lore. The important data which the book contains would have been made the basis for antiquarian research, and a great amount of vain speculation would have been saved, while the mysteries of the past history of the American Continent, as studied from the relics of a former civilization, would have been less difficult to solve. But because he claimed no credit himself either for discovering the ancient plates or translating the characters upon them, but gave God the glory, and attributed what he had accomplished to His inspiration, people of all classes denounced the book without reading it, as fraudulent, and him, without knowing him, as the vilest of impostors. So intense was the hatred manifested towards him, that everything possible was done to injure him, and his life was sought until he was finally murdered in cold blood, without provocation. All sorts of stories were invented as to the origin of the narrative which the Book of Mormon contains, and have been repeated and added to ever since to prove that it is not what it purports to be.

In all this the tendency of the age, to repudiate everything claiming a divine origin, is plainly manifest. The disposition to deify and reverence human wisdom and learning, and ignore or deny the existence of a Supreme

Being, who can reveal His will to men in this age, is not confined to infidels, so-called, either. A great proportion of those who at present claim a belief in the Bible, and are willing to accept the statement as true that God gave to Moses tables of stone containing commandments written with His own finger, deny the possibility of men receiving communications from Him now. They believe that angels appeared to and talked with men anciently, but repudiate the very thought of their doing so in this age. They believe that "holy men of old wrote as they were moved upon by the Holy Ghost," and that Daniel was inspired to translate the writing on the wall, but that any one in this age should be inspired to write or translate is, in their estimation, preposterous in the extreme. And so the Book of Mormon has been rejected and ridiculed by infidels and so-called Christians alike during the past fifty-three years. But their denunciation does not prove it false. Nor have the developments of science or the investigations of antiquarians tended to disprove its statements. On the contrary, corroborative evidences of the truth of that book are accumulating year by year. In fact, there are more proofs of the divine authenticity of that work than can be adduced in favor of any other, not even the Bible excepted.

In the first place, there are internal evidences of its divinity. The character of the work is such throughout that it could not possibly have been written as a novel or a work of fiction, as some claim, for it lacks all the essentials of a work of that class. The unpretentious style in which it is written—the simple, unaffected language in which grand truths and sublime sentiments are therein couched, proves that its author did not aim at rhetorical or sensational effect, as he naturally would have done had his object been to deceive. The harmony and exactness of the historical statements made in it, and the agreement of the chronology, are strong proofs that it was not devised by man. The facts narrated as to the customs of the ancient inhabitants of that continent, their civilization, their wars, their weapons, their use of metals, the animals then in existence there, and many other things, which were so much ridiculed at first as being unreasonable, but which have been corroborated by recent discoveries in tumuli, etc., prove that man by his wisdom could not have written the book.

In addition to these evidences, and many others that might be mentioned, and the statement of Joseph Smith in regard to the translation of the book, we have the testimony of three men as published in the fore part of the Book of Mormon. Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris there testify that the plates from which that book was translated were shown to them by an angel, and the voice of the Almighty declared unto them that they had been translated by the gift and power of God, and commanded them to bear record of it. And this is not all. Eight other witnesses also testify that the plates were shown to them by Joseph Smith, and they hefted and handled them, and saw the engravings thereon. These were all reliable men, and most of them lived many years after their testimony was published, and were frequently confronted by opposers and questioned in regard to it. And, as if to add force to their testimony, several of them apostatized from the faith and turned to be enemies of Joseph Smith, and would certainly have exposed him had they known him to be guilty of any imposture; but,

so far from doing so, their testimony was invariably the same. There is but one of all those witnesses living now, and he is an old man, tottering towards his grave, and still out of the Church which in his youth he labored to establish. He has many times over been catechised by people of all classes upon the subject of the Book of Mormon, but invariably with the same result. The latest account of an interview with him we have seen is from the pen of Elder S. R. Marks, who recently visited him in company with Elders W. M. Palmer, M. W. Pratt and D. F. Davis, and Mr. Oliver Shelby. He says:

"According to previous arrangement, we took train for Richmond, Ray County, Missouri, to visit David Whitmer, the last of the eleven witnesses of the Book of Mormon. * * * We at last arrived at our destination, but learned from Mr. Whitmer's son and grandson that he was not feeling well, and it would be impossible to see him that night. We therefore concluded that we had better stay till morning, which we did, stopping at the Wasson House.

"In the morning, June 30th, Mr. Whitmer visited us at the hotel. He is a fine looking, intelligent man, and seemed pleased to see us. We interrogated him in regard to his testimony as given in the Book of Mormon, Elder W. M. Palmer being the chief speaker, although questions were asked by Mr. Shelby and the Elders. He bore a powerful testimony to the divine authenticity of the book, and restoration of the Gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith, stating his testimony as given in the Book of Mormon is absolutely true, just as it is given there. He further stated if it is not truth, there is no truth; if there is no truth, then there is no God, and if there is no God, there is nothing. He declared that the angel stood before him, and he distinctly heard the voice of God declaring that the Book of Mormon was translated by the gift and power of God, and related many things that transpired in the early history of the Church, which were of great interest to us, and which add another to the very numerous testimonies we have received of the divine mission of the great Latter-day Prophet, Joseph Smith."

Elder M. W. Pratt, writing of the same interview, says of Mr. Whitmer:

"His mind seemed clear, and his recollection of things pertaining to the translation of the Book of Mormon, and the visitation of the angel, and the voice of the Lord, seemed to be vivid and perfect. He is quite feeble in body, and when he was relating to us some minor items, he would falter a little, but when giving his testimony he would straighten up, his voice would be firm, his eye would flash, and one could feel that he spoke by the Spirit of truth. Our interview was short, but very interesting. He received us kindly and bid us stick to the truth."

ABSTRACT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

—o—

A VISIT TO FISH LAKE—SPORTS AMONG THE INDIANS—PROSPECT FOR CROPS, ETC.

Brother Franklin W. Young, writing from Loa, Piute Co., Utah, July 7, 1883, says:

"I went up to Fish Lake, and camped two nights close by an encampment of Indians, where they gather each spring of the year to catch and feast on the fish that run down the outlet of the lake. They catch all the fish over a certain size that pass down the stream, in a willow basket, and it is said, though I doubt it, that Paganeab, the fish chief, kills them all by biting them. I thought to see for myself, and stayed in my carriage close by the basket on purpose, but what was my surprise, at early dawn, to find the fish in a pile on the bank, all dead, but as to how they died I am still ignorant. But I was going to tell you of a game of ball I saw played there. Twelve young squaws were the players. They took six on each side, having first 'put up' beads, bits of calico,

small coins, etc., the winning side to take the 'pile.' Each was armed with a stick, crooked at one end, and when all were ready, the leaders on each side stood in the centre, the others half and half on either side. One of the champions then threw the ball up into the air, and both tried to hit it, one to drive it one way, the other the opposite way. The game was then begun, but was only finished when one party had succeeded in driving it over a given line, the other party trying all the time to drive it the other way, and, if possible, over their line. One game lasted an hour, full of excitement and hard play--work.

"We have just had a good time up at the lake by way of a two days' meeting on the 3rd and 4th, and have had some pleasant showers of rain in the valley, that have seemingly revived all around. We have cleared out the outlet of the lake, and thus very materially increased our supply of water for irrigation. Our crops are rather late, but are looking well: we had our first mess of lettuce on the 6th (yesterday); radishes were just big enough to eat on the 27th ult., so you see things are late with us; but our harvests come late and (last year) pretty good, and bid fair to be better this year than ever. If we only had a few score of families of poor but worthy Saints here from the old world, to help us to harvest our crops and reclaim the barren wastes, we would be the better for it, as well as they; and yet I presume they would think it very hard times to have to work for weeks and perhaps months together without ever seeing a dollar in money, as people in this region sometimes have to."

HOME AGAIN—PROSPERITY.

Elder R. R. Anderson writes from Salt Lake City, Aug. 1st:

"I arrived home O. K. a couple of weeks ago, and, as you can believe, was mighty glad to get back again. Found my family well and everybody in the city prospering. Things are going ahead generally—nearly everybody building. The weather is beautiful; so it seems to me after being used to England's dull climate."

PREACHING IN FRANCE.

Elder J. A. A. Bunot writes from Havre, July 12, 1883, as follows:

"In conformity with your wish, I left Jersey for France June 27th, and landed at Granville the same day at noon. I started immediately on foot through the country, bearing my testimony and distributing tracts on the way, whenever I had opportunity. I passed through many cities and villages. At St. Lo, the capital of the department of the Manche, I stopped about two weeks, to have time to visit all the towns and villages around. I bore my testimony to quite a few in the city and around, but without much apparent effect. I arrived at a place twenty-nine miles from St. Lo, named Shefresne, and called upon a gentleman, Casimir Costil by name, and told him who I was and my business. He readily made me welcome to his table and a bed. I asked him if I could have the privilege of preaching next night, and he told me that I could do so in their chapel, as their minister was absent, and he was himself a councilor to the presbyter. We agreed to set the time at 5-30 p.m. After I had retired to bed, I was so happy and overcome with feelings of gratitude and thankfulness to the Lord that, in answer to my prayer, I was to have the privilege of bearing my testimony for the first time in public in my native country to a large congregation, that I could not sleep, passing the night in praying and thanking the Lord for his goodness. I was so overcome that my body was left without strength. I never felt so happy in my life.

"The next day I visited the people, bearing my testimony and notifying them of the meeting, not forgetting to call on my heavenly Father to sustain me. At the time appointed I had the pleasure of preaching for the first time in my native country to a congregation of some fifty persons. I spoke for one hour and three quarters, on the restoration of the Gospel and kingdom of God, the coming judgments, faith, repentance, baptism and the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit being abundantly poured out upon me. The congregation was very attentive and inter-

ested. After the service was over we all got out, but no one asked any questions. We all separated after a shaking of hands, and I felt quite disappointed at seeing that they had not the spirit of inquiry, and it seemed as if I had been pouring water on a duck's back. But still I hope that the seed has fallen on good soil, and that it will grow and bear fruit in time; and I will endeavor to improve all opportunities, with the help of my Father, to sow the good seed and spread the good news."

A CIRCUS SCOURGE—GRAND CONCERT—IRON MANUFACTURE.

Elder A. H. Cannon, writing from Salt Lake City, July 27th, says:

"Of late we have had circuses, concerts and theatres enough to fairly drain the pockets of the majority of our citizens, and we are now having a consequent depression of business. People have been complaining of hard times, but to see the crowds that daily thronged the big tent of the circus, one would think that a more prosperous time could scarcely be found. I used what little influence I had to prevent people from attending the circus, because this is, in my opinion, one of the scourges to which Utah is occasionally subjected.

"Our concert was a grand success in an artistic point of view. I also think it was a financial success, but that will be determined this evening, when we obtain complete returns of receipts and disbursements. Since the event a number have told me that it was the grandest affair ever witnessed in Utah. Evan Stephens, Utah's musical genius, worked very hard to train the children, and it was really a marvel to witness the result of his labors. The rendition of home compositions was also excellent, and plainly tells us that Zion is fostering musical talent which will yet do her great credit.

"Yesterday afternoon a meeting of Salt Lake business men was held to take into consideration the manufacture of iron. It is the intention to stock the rich mines of iron formerly owned by Bishop Thos. Taylor, situated in Southern Utah. Our leaders realize that some indurtry must be established in the south, or that country will gradually become depopulated, as there is not sufficient land and water to sustain even those who are now there, and some of the best families are beginning to leave. Consequently, it is thought advisable to commence this new industry, which, if successful, will be a blessing to the community, the investors, and especially to Southern Utah. Iron is something which is very much needed in these mountainous regions, and there is no reason, that I can perceive, why it should not be manufactured as cheaply here as in our neighbor State, Colorado. I, at least, have great faith in the enterprise."

ENCOURAGING ADVICE TO THE MISSIONARIES.

Brother Geo. Crane writing to Elder B. Bennett from Holden, Millard Co., Utah, July 15, 1883, says:

"I have spent several weeks lately in Holden at my old vocation, and am at present located with the Bishop, who is as full of life and energy as ever, and may well be proud of his exemplary Ward, for a better people than those of Holden would be hard to find. I often meet the little Bennett 'bairns' running around with smiles upon their faces and looks that tell of love at home. At the Sabbath school lately, Benny and his sister gave us a song. I listened, and thought if its echo could only reach the father's ear across the sea, a prayerful response would ascend to heaven in gratitude that his loved ones were located in the peaceful vales of Utah. Yesterday morning, in company with Brother Thomas Memmott, of Scipio, I administered to your little son, Willard, who had been very sick all night, and was still very feverish. The innocent faith of the boy, and the power of the holy Priesthood, acted like a charm upon his fevered brow, and the smile of confidence and thanks that sat upon his face as we left the house, assured us that the power of God was the guardian of that little family, and centred in the faith of that prayerful, constant mother. Ah, the world may boast of its heroes and heroines, who by brute force and arrogance have trod their way to fame, and at whose shrine the animal in man may bow; but when the mists of hypocrisy and depraved fashion shall be swept

away, and the deific nature of man shall be acknowledged and claim its own, then will the true heroes and heroines be known, and among them will stand in meek loveliness thousands of Utah mothers, who, like your own good wife, are ready and willing to endure all things rather than by word or action weaken the hearts or hands of husbands or sons, who manfully go forth into a frowning world to proclaim the only true plan of life and salvation to all mankind. What missionary with a soul in him does not feel proud of the wife who, in his absence, with weary body and deep anxiety depicted in every feature, day after day, and night after night, tenderly administers to her sick and restless little band of cherubims, who too often are deprived of those essentials that his strong heart and hand can alone administer, while she, although well worn with care, would scorn to breathe the words 'Come home!' but rather say, 'No, no! he would unman himself by deserting the ensign of the Lord.' By such mothers, and under such an influence, are the children of Zion early taught that father's duty to God is greater than his love for home, though home means the affectionate entwinings of chastity, love and truth. Hence the quick response of our boys to the call of duty, to carry the Gospel to the peoples of the world who are strange to them, and who, going forth in weakness, but armed with the holy Priesthood of God, become the impenetrable fortresses of revealed religion, and return in honor, the better fitted for the work which devolves upon them of building up the kingdom of God upon the earth. O, if I could speak to-day to every one of my young brethren on missions, I would say, 'Steady, boys, steady; be not rash in speech, but remember your hand is on the plow, and look not back until your work is done. We know your difficulties, as with wearied limbs and anxious hearts you plod the highways and byways of England and elsewhere, and your anxiety to dispense the word of God to a listless and cynical generation! Be not discouraged, but remember you are building up in yourselves the men of the future, and are faring as well as Christ and His early Apostles did in the same cause. Remember the anxious mother whose love now centres in your success and faithfulness to the sacred trust imposed in you! Remember the less demonstrative but manly love of a confiding father, who, with a holy grip bade you God-speed, his pent-up emotion saying, 'this my son will bear my name in honor down the page of eternal history in the Priesthood of Almighty God!' Remember her whose plighted love in happy constancy still waits expectant, and whose secret orisons ascend to heaven from virgin lips and heart, that he who went forth in meekness may return in safety, his hands and heart undefiled by the contaminations of a wicked world! Your brethren and sisters also wait (when the Lord, through his servants, says your work is done) to bid you welcome, and thank you for your assistance in the work of God!

"I would like to say to all my old friends in the Newcastle and Liverpool Conferences, God bless you! Do not despond, for God is with his people."

UTAH NEWS.

(Summarized from Territorial Papers.)

Grantsville is to be favored with a daily mail hereafter.

The apple crop in Utah is better than usual, and there are fewer worms in the fruit.

The emigrants from Iceland arrived in Salt Lake City July 30th, after a journey of 16 days from Liverpool.

The wool crop in Utah this year is said to be unusually good, but it is not bringing such high prices as formerly.

John Garf, of Santa Clara, was accidentally killed by falling down a mountain between St. George and Washington one day last month.

There is a slight mining excitement in Logan over the discovery of a large, body of ore in Beaver Canyon, which is a fork of Logan Canyon.

The numbering of houses throughout Salt Lake City is about to be commenced, preparatory to introducing the postal delivery system there.

A fourteen-year-old son of F. B. Eldredge, of the 16th Ward, Salt Lake City, had his skull fractured by a horse kicking him on the 22nd ult.

Judge Emerson has granted an injunction against the U. C. Railway Co. restraining them from doing further grading on the intended branch up Spanish Fork Canyon.

A little son of Joseph M. and Nellie E. Cahoon, of Salt Lake City, three years of age, accidentally got hold of some liquid lye on the 29th ult., and drank it, and died from the effects the following morning.

A young man named Richard S. W. Andrew, of the 7th Ward, Salt Lake City, was shot and killed on the 28th ult., by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of a man named Watters, a broker.

A subscription being taken up among the friends of the late Richard S. W. Andrew, who was accidentally shot, for the benefit of his widow and child, is likely to net them about $1,000.

Some ancient Indian relics in the shape of a stone mortar and pestle have been dug up twelve feet below the surface of the ground by some men engaged in making an irrigating ditch from Bingham to Herriman.

A child of Niels and Margaret Peterson, was accidentally drowned by falling into a stream in Bloomington, Bear Lake Valley, on the 26th ult. The father of the little one is now on a mission in Scandinavia.

D. B. Funk, proprietor of Funk's Lake, in Sanpete, has lately built and launched a small steamboat, propelled by a three-horse power engine, to be used for fishing and by pleasure parties, on the waters of his lake.

The Denver *News* reports that the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Co. will commence building a new line to Utah, and when Ogden is reached they will not rest satisfied until they have pushed on through to California.

The Manti Temple is built up to the square, and the roof timbers are being framed. The Salt Lake Temple wall is now up to the square, at the southwest corner, and the work of laying rock on the magnificent building goes steadily on.

A very destructive freshet occurred at Kanab on the 29th ult., by which crops were ruined to a great extent, some wagons and machinery washed away, and a number of cattle drowned. All the farming and meadow land in the canyon is said to be washed away.

By courtesy of the good people of Grantsville, two Methodist preachers delivered discourses from their standpoint of religion in the meeting-house at that place on the 22nd ult. A large and attentive congregation listened to them. Elder Wm. Jefferies followed them in a discourse upon the religious views held by the Latter-day Saints.

Unusually dry and warm weather has been experienced in Utah of late. As a result, water for irrigation is getting rather scarce in some places. Cedar Fort has fared very badly in this respect, and quite a number of the residents have decided to remove to other places where water is more plentiful. The Woolen Factory at Provo has had to suspend operations for want of water, so much of the river being diverted higher up the stream for irrigating.

As an illustration of how the Commissioners and the County registration officers appointed by them have discriminated against the Latter-day Saints in Utah when they have had it in their power to do so, the following is cited: When the election for delegate to Congress occurred last fall, the registration officer for the precinct in which Herriman is located, resided at a mine situated five miles up a mountain, and thither the people of Herriman were compelled to go to deposit their votes. They appealed to the Commissioners to change the polling place this year, and they promised to do so, but failed to keep their promise, probably for the reason that there are no so-called "Liberals" in Herriman, so the electors of that burgh have had to trudge up the mountain again, or not vote.

For many months past Logan City Corporation has been making a hard struggle to enforce an ordinance for the prohibition of liquor selling in that city. Dealers who were prosecuted carried their cases to the District Court, where they obtained decisions in their favor, but, determined not to give up, the corporation appealed to the Supreme Court of the Territory. There again the city was defeated, Judges Hunter and Twiss deciding that Logan City was not authorized by its charter to prohibit liquor selling while Judge Emerson dissented. The result is that a rush is being made by a number of parties to establish liquor saloons there. Knowing that the Charter of Logan was defective, an effort was made some time since by the Territorial Legislature to remedy it, but the measure was vetoed by the Governor. Utah is cursed with a lot of officials, in whose selection the people have no choice, who do all in their power to obstruct good government and morality.

A number of cases of burglary have recently occured in the principal cities of Utah, proving that those parts are at present infested by an organized band of experienced and daring cracksmen. The lodging house of a Mr. Greenwald, in Salt Lake City, was entered by burglars who got away with two gold watches, valued at $120 each and $80 in cash. The boarding house of Mrs. Catherine Hyde was also entered, and $50 in cash stolen. The store of Mr. Madsen was also robbed of $200 in money and three watches, in open day, while the proprietor stepped out to watch the circus parade passing. The lodging house of C. M. Donelson was also the scene of a burglar's exploit in broad daylight, a satchel and other goods being carried off. A case of highway robbery is also reported from Salt Lake City, and two from Ogden. It is not unlikely that the perpetrators of these deeds are in some way connected with the John Robinson circus which has recently been visiting the Territory. We remember that during the last previous visit of this circus to Salt Lake a number of cases of burglary occurred, and one of them was traced to an attache of the circus.